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**WEEKLY MUSEUM,**

OR

**POLITE REPOSITORY**

OR

**MUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.**

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**THE TREACHEROUS FRIEND.**

THOUGH egotists are universally disliked as companions, yet, in the descriptive, they acquire a greater degree of consequence; and though the circumstances I am about to relate too frequently occur in society, I am of opinion that they may act as a beacon to the young and inexperienced, and be the means of preventing them from placing too much confidence in imaginary friends.

My father, who was a physician of great eminence, was prevented, by the extravagance of my brothers, from making a provision for the female branches of his family at his death; but duty and affection prompting me to render them independent, I resolved to do it, before I entered into a matrimonial engagement. Incessant occupation naturally becomes a barrier to the tender passion; but having succeeded my respected father in his profession, and having met with still greater success, I had the gratification of finding I had accomplished my wishes respecting my sisters, and my surviving parent, and considered myself at liberty to study my own happiness.

As my friends all knew I was desirous of entering into the marriage station, each endeavored to direct my choice;

at length one of them introduced me to a young lady, whose mental and personal attractions made a strong impression upon my mind. Though she was not strictly beautiful, there was an expression of sweetness in her countenance, infinitely preferable to fine features; her mind was improved, her conversation intelligent, and she seemed formed by Nature to receive, and impart, domestic happiness.

Though there was a difference in our ages, yet not so great as to render our enjoyments dissimilar; she had just completed her twenty-first, I my thirty-third year; my proposals were favorably received, & in about six months afterwards, I had the gratification of becoming a Benedict. For the space of six years, my happiness was perfect; every month seemed to increase my conjugal bliss; and if, at times, it had a transient interruption, by fancying my Emma's conduct rather too volatile, with tears she would promise to be every thing I could wish. A friend of my early years about this time returned from the East Indies, laden with riches, but a bankrupt in health; I immediately invited him to my house, under the hope of restoring his constitution, and wishing him to become a participator in my happiness. In an evil hour he accepted my invitation; but displeased me by the coldness with which he re-

ceived my wife's civilities; little suspecting that he had known her before he went to India, and had even made proposals for her hand.

I considered the attention which my Emma undeviatingly paid to the friend whom I so sincerely respected, as an additional proof of her regard for myself; and frequently rallied him upon his want of gallantry to a female, who, in consequence of his ill health, shewed him such marks of kindness. At length I could not help thinking, there was an alteration in my wife's conduct, and that the attentions I received from her were rather the effect of duty than affection; and, if I accidentally surprised her and my treacherous friend together, each displayed symptoms of embarrassment; still I endeavored to drive that fiend, jealousy, from my bosom, and treated my Emma with additional proofs of tenderness and regard; yet, as my friend had perfectly recovered from his indisposition, I could not help thinking that his visit was unnecessarily prolonged.

The extensive practice in which I was engaged, not only kept me greater part of the day from my family, but sometimes compelled me to sleep from home, as there was not another physician within an amazing distance. A female domestic had superintended my family from the time of my commencing practice, whom I had every reason to treat as a friend, and by the extravagancies of a worthless husband, she had been reduced to a state of dependence. This excellent creature, my wife consulted upon all domestic occasions; but I had remarked that latterly there had been an unusual degree of reserve between them; but thinking that men have nothing to do with female disputations, I resolved, if any had occurred between them, they should be settled without my interference. Returning home one evening earlier than usual, I was astonished at perceiving the trace of tears visible on my Emma's countenance, whilst that of my friend's bore decided marks of vexation & resentment.

"For heaven's sake, Emma!" I ex-

claimed, in a tone of impatience, "inform me, who, or what, can have occasioned these tears? I have long observed, though I have not mentioned it, that some disquiet preyed upon your heart."

"When you retain people in your house who are paid as domestics, but in fact are mere spies upon your wife's actions, you cannot be astonished at her feelings being wounded; but, if I were Mrs. Cunningham, she should not stay another day under my roof," said Pennington, with a tone and gesture not to be forgotten.

"And pray, sir," I demanded, casting a contemptuous look towards him, "by what authority do you presume to dictate to Mrs. Cunningham? or what reason have you to imagine that I am mean enough to make spies of my servants? Is this the reward I am to receive for kindness & hospitality? Is this a fit return for friendship unbounded! But know, young man," I added, directing a scrutinizing glance towards him, "I have long been dissatisfied with your conduct; and, as circumstances authorize this mode of behaviour, candidly acknowledge that I wish you to quit this house." "As to you, Emma," I continued, turning towards her, and taking her apparently reluctant hand, "I have a right to expect an explanation of this distressing, and I must add, extraordinary mode of conduct." So saying, I led, or rather drew her forward, leaving the unprincipled Pennington by himself. As soon as we reached my study, I locked the door of it, to prevent the entrance of this sycophant, and soon recovering a greater degree of composure, implored my wife to give me a candid statement.

"Henry, my dear Henry," said she, after pausing a few moments, "think not I have been guilty of any serious offence; as I now feel that your anger would become an insupportable punishment." "Emma," I replied, with a firmness of accent totally foreign to my feelings, "I am ready to pardon any trifling impropriety in your conduct; but deception of every kind is my abhor-

rence; account to me then the cause of the tears I witnessed, and Pennington's vile insinuations." "I will not attempt to deceive you," rejoined the agitated Emma. "Pennington had, unfortunately, taken too much wine; he attempted to salute me; that faithful creature, Jackson, entered at the same moment, and accused him of harbouring base designs; adding, that the moment you came home, she would make a point of opening your eyes.—This is the truth, and the whole truth, my dear Henry; and the dread of your displeasure it was, that occasioned the bitterest tears I ever shed in my life; whilst Pennington's passions, which had been inflamed by wine, were roused into resentment, and he accused Jackson of being a spy upon my actions."

"We have both been materially to blame, is evident," (said I) "Emma; you, in encouraging the attentions of a dissipated young fellow, and I, in inviting such a one into my house; but recollecting what he was, I had no idea that time had corrupted his disposition. As you tell me that Jackson witnessed the impropriety of his behaviour, it is necessary she should know that you have no concealments with your husband; I will, therefore, summon her, and inform her, that you have candidly related to me every circumstance."

"I—I think, my dear Henry, you had better merely tell her, that Mr. Pennington is going to leave the house, as I cannot bear the idea of the servants fancying we have had any dispute."—Though this appeal was made in the most imploring accents, yet it did not alter my determination; but, ringing the bell, I desired the man servant to send the housekeeper into the room. "Jackson," (said I) "the fidelity with which you have, for sixteen years, served me, at once claims my friendship and confidence; I therefore, think it necessary to inform you, that your Mistress has made me acquainted with Pennington's improper conduct; but say, did Mrs. Cunningham call you, or did you accidentally go into the room?"

The embarrassed looks of my wife, united to the evasive replies of my housekeeper, who endeavoured to avoid a positive answer, by informing me, the object of my detestation had quitted the house, conspired to raise a tumult of conflicting emotions in my agitated bosom.

At that moment, the plaintive cries of our little Edward claimed the attention of his mother, who seemed delighted to have an excuse for quitting the room, when recollection conjured up a variety of circumstances which had passed unnoticed, but which were evidently calculated to increase suspicion. In this frame of mind, I was summoned to attend a gentleman of distinction, who lived nearly twenty miles distance. Though I was never suffered to return late in the evening, yet I had not resolution to take leave of the being I so fondly loved, but threw myself into the carriage in a state bordering upon distraction. Though a bed was prepared, sleep was a stranger to my eyelids, and I arose about three o'clock, and finding my patient materially better, pretended another required my immediate attendance.

Arriving at my house before my family was stirring, astonishment and suspicion were both excited by seeing a man standing under the wall; the utmost confusion was visible on his countenance when I peremptorily insisted upon knowing his errand. Trembling with alarm, he informed me, he had a letter for Madam's own servant, which I actually tore from him with all the fury of a madman, and instantly recognized the vile seducer's hand.

"How, my adored Emma! shall I atone for the imprudence I have been guilty of? or rather, how shall I restore peace to that agitated breast? Fool that I was, in a moment of madness, to blast that happiness which I have long possessed! Jackson must be bribed; my fortune is at your disposal; for God's sake, my beloved, make her our friend! After what she saw, money must bind her to us, or we are inevit-

ably ruined. I am now at C——, and writing in the very room where my felicity was first completed; and where I shall expect to behold that divine countenance between the hours of ten and twelve, as your —— (but how can I write the word) will, I know, be engaged in business. Yet, in spite of human ties, you are mine, my adored Emma, mine by priority, mine by voluntary consent; then hasten, my adored, and let me once more enjoy the completion of earthly happiness."

Though this appalling epistle had no signature, and was addressed to my wife's favorite domestic, I instantly set off for C——, without making either acquainted with its contents. As I always travelled in the evening with pistols, I was prepared to meet the destroyer of my Emma's honor, and my own happiness, and found him enjoying as peaceful a slumber as if his mind had been tranquillized by conscious innocence. Exasperated to a degree of madness, I accosted him by the most opprobrious epithets, and insisted upon his rising instantly, and defending himself.

Though he attempted no apology for the enormity of his conduct, yet he remonstrated upon the necessity of putting his affairs into some arrangement, promising in six hours to meet me in any spot I appointed. This proposal recalled the recollection of my beloved children, and I unhesitatingly complied with it; arranged my concerns, appointed guardians for the dear innocents, and, accompanied by a friend, was punctual to the time. Guilt, or cowardice, however prevented the destroyer of my honor from raising his hand against my life; and after waiting a couple of hours, I returned to my wretched habitation, resolving to have a formal separation drawn up between myself and wife. This intention was rendered unnecessary by her elopement: and thus did the hapless Emma fill up the measure of her crimes, leaving me to deplore the loss of that virtue which I had vainly imagined she so highly prized.

Though unfortunately there is nothing new, or extraordinary, in these circumstances, yet if the relation should prove a caution to others, my time will not be thrown away; for had I not placed temptation in my lost Emma's view, I might have enjoyed uninterrupted happiness, and her base seducer would not have had the power of leading her mind astray. Though repeatedly urged by my family to sue for a divorce from the infatuated Emma, yet what compensation could the most extended damages offer for the loss of domestic peace? I have, therefore, resisted their entreaties, under the idea, that it would be the means of publishing that disgrace which is too apt to be attached to the innocent offspring of the woman who has intrigued.

### THE MONITRESS.

#### ON RELIGIOUS AND MORAL DUTIES.

THOUGH I am aware that advice unsolicited is seldom received with cordiality, and though I fear the very appellation of Monitress will have a discordant sound, yet I beg leave to inform the youthful class of my readers, my councils will neither be severe, nor morose; for though, to make use of the pious David's expression, "I have been young, and now am old," yet I have not forgotten the enjoyments which are peculiarly attached to youth. In the welfare of that class of individuals, I take a peculiar interest; and often fancy myself becoming young in the society of youth; in short, from the animation of their spirits, I find a buoyant vigor given to my own.

In return for the exhilarating charm which I have long derived from the society of the youthful, I am desirous they should benefit by my experience; and in consequence of this desire, I have, perhaps somewhat presumptuously, taken upon myself the title of Monitress.

Considering religion as the corner

stone of all the moral virtues, my unasked advice shall commence with that important subject; a subject of no less consequence to the youthful than it is to the aged. Were the life of man decreed by his Maker to be extended to the period of three-score years and ten, reflections upon the shortness of its duration might be considered as superfluous by those who had not measured one-third of its extent; but as death as frequently levels his well-aimed dart at the youthful as the aged, and as we daily behold the former cut off in the midst of high health and high hopes, it is as necessary for them as it is for the latter, seriously to reflect upon a future world.

The practice of true piety neither interferes with the pleasures, nor enjoyments, of that season to which gratifications of that kind in a peculiar manner belong; it merely places a boundary to the indulgence of those pleasures which would otherwise terminate in dissipation. Let not my readers then imagine I would check innocent gratifications, or impress the finger of cankering care upon the forehead of the young; for I consider hilarity as essential to that season as crutches are to a broken bone. It is only the spleenetic and superstitious who represent Religion as inimical to social enjoyments; the first miracle which the Great Teacher of it performed was at a marriage feast; a striking conviction that social enjoyments are by no means incompatible with a religious turn of mind.

As every blessing we enjoy is derived from the Omnipotent, our hearts ought at once to glow with adoration and gratitude; for if the beneficence of his creature inspires the latter sensation in our bosoms, in how much more eminent degree ought it to be displayed towards our God. "Youth," observes the justly admired Doctor Blair, "is the season of warm and generous emotions; the heart should then spontaneously rise into admiration of what is great, and glow with the love of what is fair and excellent; and where can any ob-

ject be found so proper to kindle these affections as frequent reflections upon the greatness and goodness of the Omnipotent?"

Though the enemies of Religion have endeavored to represent its practice as inimical to social enjoyments, yet, like the inveterate foe of our first parents, they will be found deceivers; for, in the practice of piety, there is a refined gratification far superior to any other we can meet with from the world. In every sphere of life, there is a secret satisfaction arising from the communion we are permitted to hold with an all gracious God; yet we feel its sustaining power in a peculiar manner when labouring under trials and afflictions; and as no stage of existence is exempted from them, the practice of piety is capable of affording equal consolation to the aged and the young.

As a Monitress and Friend to the youthful and inexperienced, I have therefore considered it a duty incumbent upon me to commence my observations by recommending the practice of Devotion; a practice which alone can afford us consolation when we receive our final summons. Of the heart-soothing effect which is to be derived from the reflection of having led a life of piety and virtue, I have recently had a striking instance, by attending the death-bed of a most amiable and accomplished young woman, and as the awful scene made an indelible impression upon my imagination, I shall faithfully describe it for the edification of my readers.

Eliza D. — was the only surviving offspring of a clergyman of a neighboring county; who, independent of church preferment, possessed competence; and who, more desirous that his daughter should inherit that benevolence of disposition which so strikingly marked his character, than riches, took every opportunity of implanting the love of it in her youthful bosom. To this child of hope and delight, nature had been peculiarly bountiful; her face was exquisitely lovely; her form symmetry itself; and to heighten these attractive

charms, she was well-informed, and accomplished in those various branches of education which are considered as ornaments to her sex. Though the casket was attractive, the gem it contained was still more valuable; her heart was tremblingly alive to every species of distress; and her disposition so peculiarly conciliating, that an accidental acquaintance was soon converted into a friend.

Such was the amiable, the lovely young creature, whom a few weeks back I beheld languishing on the bed of incurable sickness; yet never did I hear the sound of murmur escape the patient sufferer's lips. This could neither proceed from a satiety of life, nor an indifference to its enjoyments; for the path which Eliza had trodden might be said to have been strewn with roses; she was the object of her parent's hopes and enjoyments; idolized by her lover; and respected by all her friends and acquaintance. A few days before that distressing one, never to be forgotten, I perceived the tears rapidly course each other down her pallid countenance; and tenderly pressing her emaciated hand, in faltering accents, I demanded why the afflicted sufferer wept.

"Not on my own account, dearest Madam, do I feel this unconquerable depression;" replied the patient sufferer, with a mixture of agitation and sweetness; "but when I reflect upon the declining years of my beloved parents, and know the deprivation they must suffer from my death, that mind which I vainly hoped would bow submissive to the will of its great Creator, in these trying moments, impiously rebels."

After a silence of some moments, for I was too deeply affected by her tone and manner to make an immediate reply to what she had said, she turned her tearful eyes upon me, emphatically exclaiming, "You are my beloved parents' friend; and when the trying moment arrives, which it must do shortly, you, I am persuaded, will endeavor to comfort them. Thank them, Oh! thank them, for having implanted the

precepts of Religion upon my ductile imagination; but how can language describe the debt of gratitude I owe them for it is the conviction that I have not permitted the pleasures of the world to interfere with the duties I owed my Maker which makes me indulge the hope of being admitted into the mansions of eternal bliss! Think not, she added, "I have the presumption, Madam, to suppose myself more faultless than the generality of my sex; but it is feeling an assurance that I have never neglected the duties of Religion, or humanity, which gives this inspiring hope to my breast." The entrance of Eliza's mother prevented her from pursuing this interesting conversation; which, from having disclosed the feelings of her heart, inspired her mind with a greater degree of cheerfulness; and, had a stranger beheld this lovely, interesting young creature, he could not have conceived it possible that she was hourly expecting the approach of death.

If in moments like these which I have described, Religion has the power of imparting such a mixture of Hope and Resignation in the human breast, if it enables the young, the beautiful, and the affluent, to meet the king of terrors without apprehension, ought not every period of our lives to be influenced by its precepts? Having endeavored to prove that a life of piety and virtue is not inimical to youthful enjoyments, and having proved the power which Religion assumes over the mind at the hour of death, I trust my Readers will not be dissatisfied with the subject I have selected.

### ON OMENS.

#### WITH HISTORICAL EXAMPLES.

OMENS, or at least incidents which carry that appearance, are not always regardable.—The gallant Epaminondas, a little before the battle of Leuctra, on being told that several inauspicious omens seemed to portend to bad success, nobly answered, in a celebrated

verse of Homer, "The best omen we can have, is to fight manfully for our country."

When William the Norman, commonly called William the Conqueror, was landing on the Sussex coast, his foot slipped and he fell to the ground. One of the soldiers gave the incident a very courtly turn, by crying out, with a loud voice, "Joy to you, sir! you have already taken possession of England." A short time after, when the same prince was arming himself for the battle of Hastings, he perceived that in his hurry he had put on his coat of mail the lower side uppermost; but, instead of showing any symptoms of superstitious discouragement, he cheerfully said to his attendants, "By this I prognosticate that my dukedom is turned into a kingdom."

Julius Cæsar (if I rightly remember the person) is reported to have fallen, in landing on the shore of Africa; and lest his followers should be disheartened by so unfavorable a beginning, he turned it off with saying, "Thus, Africa, do I embrace thee."

But though it be true, that all omens are not worthy of observation; and though they should never be so regarded as to shock our fortitude, or diminish our confidence in God, still they are not to be constantly despised.—Small incidents have sometimes been prelude to great events; nor is there any superstition in noticing these apparent prognostications, though there may be much superstition in being either too indiscriminately or too deeply swayed by them.

A most singular chain of uncommon circumstances preceded the assassination of that excellent monarch, Henry IV. of France. In the morning of the day on which he was murdered by Ravallac (viz. Friday, May 14, 1610) his Majesty was exceedingly pensive. In the hope of composing his spirits, he threw himself on his bed, but was unable to rest.—Thrice he rose, and thrice he fell on his knees in prayer. Soon after, repairing to the presence-chamber, his attendants endeavored to divert

the melancholy which prayed upon his mind. Being naturally amiable and cheerful, he tried to fall in with the well-meant pleasantry of his nobles, and attempted to smile, but concluded thus: "We have laughed enough on Friday; there will be weeping on Sunday."

His queen (Mary Medicis) had been crowned but the day before his murder. One La Brosse, a physician, is by some reported to have said to the Duke de Vendome on the evening of that day, "If the king survives a mischief which threatens him at present, he will live this thirty years. The duke intreated the king to grant this physician an audience, and repeated what the old gentleman had been saying. His Majesty, with unusual asperity and hastiness, replied, "He is an old fool, for telling you such things, and you are a young fool if you believe him."—The Duke's rejoinder was firm, respectful and sensible: "Sire, one ought not to believe such things, but one may fear them." The same day, as the king and queen were walking through an apartment of the palace, the king stopped to speak with somebody present. The queen stopping at the same time, he said to her, as by a spirit of involuntary prophesy, *passiez, passez, madame la regente, i. e.* "Go on, go on, madame the regent."

A few nights before the catastrophe, the queen dreamed that all the jewels in her crown were changed into pearls, and that she was told pearls were significative of tears.—Another night she started and cried out in her sleep, and waked the king, who asked her what was the matter? She answered, "I have had a frightful dream; but I know that dreams are mere illusions."—"I was always of the same opinion," replied Henry, "however, tell me what your dream was." "I dreamed," continued she, "that you was stabbed with a knife under the short ribs."—"Thank God," rejoined the king, "it was but a dream."

I have already noted that, on the morning of the fatal day, his majesty was unusually chagrined; and he said,

more than once to those about him. "Something or other hangs very heavy on my heart." Before he went to his coach, he took leave of the queen no fewer than three times; and then stepping into his carriage, had not passed through many streets, ere Ravailac gave him that fatal stab, which deprived France of one of the most generous and humane sovereigns she ever had.

Let the reader observe that I nakedly relate the above facts, without wishing to build any theory upon them, or to deduce from them any superstitious inferences. It is, however, my own private opinion, that absolutely to discard all omens, without distinction or exception, would be to fly in the face of ancient and modern wisdom, as well as of ancient and modern history.

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FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

### THE COUNTRY RIDE;

OR,

#### GENTEEL SLEIGHING.

Come Ned, dang it all lets have a sleigh-ride to night, we'll put my black and your old brown together, and take Uncle Sam's sly, and then we'll call for Nancy, Polly, and Susan, and have a real *blow-out*; come, what do you say?

*Ned.*—Why Tuen, I dont know as how I can go right well—I did tell cousin Jack, that I thought how I'd go with him—But hang it all, I guess I'll go—yes, I will.

*Tuen.*—Well Ned, then go and bring along your old brown, and we'll geer to, right off.

*Ned.*—Knocks at the door—I say Tuen, here I am, ready for you—come, lets be off just now, else we'll make it late.

*Tuen.*—Why Ned, the later the better—you know we country folks don't feel capersome till midnight.

After getting ready, off they start to call for their company—but can hardly agree which to call for first; but finally they stop in turn for the three just men-

tioned.—And after having rode along very snugly, they make a stop at the noted Mr. —'s tavern—they all get out, and enter the house rather cold.

*Ned.*—Take seats gals round the fire, and get yourselves warm—come tho', what will you have to drink—some gin-sling, mull-wine, hickory-twist, or what.

*Girls.*—Why Boys, we aint particular—any thing you like, we gals like too.

*Tuen.*—Now gals if you'll do right, I think you'll all say mull-wine, cause that air is so nice to warm a body, & then too, one feels so good after having drunk it—I call for mull-wine then?

*Ned.*—Drink hearty gals, don't be fraid—till do you all good—you'll feel mighty well bom-bye—I vow you'll just itch after dancing.

*Polly.*—Why Ned, have they fiddles here?

*Ned.*—Aye, Aye, Poll—and we'll kick it off all hollow to-rights—we'll show e'em how to handle feet, like the country troops do their guns.

*Susan.*—Well if you'll believe me now gals, I haint danc'd all this winter and I'll be hanged if my ancles don't seem plagid stiff.

*Nancy.*—Well boys and gals what do you say, to shaking ourselves right well?

*Tuen.*—Well, come gals, lets be at it once, and whilst we can, "lets all be merry together."

They immediately then commenced dancing, and kept it up very lively until about two o'clock, when they call'd for a *good supper*—after having sat down and stuffed very heartily, and drank rather more than was requisite to preserve good appetites, they arose from the plentiful repast, and once more commenced shuffling—during which time the following conversation ensued.

*Ned.*—Why Tuen, what a plagy good shaker our Polly is, arnt she? Only look and see how she handles her feet, I mightily declare if they don't move, like dried corn in a shovel, over a darn'd hot fire.

*Tuen.*—But Ned, I guess as how our Nancy is more quicker to caper than she is; dont you 'magine so?

But then I don't like her ugly ways, nor Polly's uther, and I'll be thank'd to you, to tell them to-rights, that I think they've now sarved me *worse* than bad.

But, I say Tuen, how does it always happens you come off so wonderful had ---why sounce it all. I've known you to call for a plag'd parcel of gals fore now, and not got even half a one---and then go home with your arms bundled up like a sheaf of straw; and be almost daru'd mad enough to eat yourself.

After having finished dancing, (or more properly speaking capering about the floor,) they called for some more "hickory-twist," drank very plentifully, amoaked several segars---sat with their feet over the fire place---spit tobacco juice in fanciful figures over the mantle-piece---drank several times, and became rather boozy---afterwards rigged out, and made sail for home---But as old Belzebub would have it, the harness became loose, and the horses taking fright, ran furiously for about one mile and a half, when the sleigh struck suddenly against a large stone, and almost broke it entirely to pieces---threw out two of the girls---scratched one side of Polly's face very much, and put Nancy's ancle out of joint, knocked out three of her teeth, and bruised different parts of her body; Ned had one of his shins scraped, and Tuen came off with only having bit his tongue, owing to the fright. They lashed up as careful as possible, and took the girls home, but did not wait long enough to hear the welcome reception of their parents ---when the following conversation passed between themselves.

Tuen---Why Ned, we have had a hancking bad time ont, aint we?

Ned---Yes we have Tuen, & the next time we had better set out more carefully, or else stay at home, and not make ourselves be disgraced so as we have this e'er time.

TRISTRAM.

## ON SATURDAY'S CLEANING.

My wife's of manners gentle, pure and kind,  
An honest heart, a most ingenuous mind;  
Beauteous and gay, domestic without vice,  
Has but one fault---indeed she's over nice.  
Mops, pails and brushes, dusters, mats and soap,  
Are sceptres of control---her joy, her bone,  
Each day we scrub and scour house, yard and limb,  
And on a Saturday, ye maids! we swim.

THOUGH Xantippe broke the head of Socrates with a ---, and he had temper to bear it, with this easy remark, "that after thunder rain generally follows," yet, if we had the old fellow amongst us now, I believe we should try his philosophical patience on a Saturday. The rage of scouring and cleansing is not peculiar to our house, for I find all my friends complain of the universal deluge on the Saturday. In short, it is the vice of our ladies, and what they call being only clean, is a general inconvenience to business and health.

If I was to give the journal of one of our Saturdays, I believe it might suit half the houses in town. The day of cleaning begins, like the Sabbath of the Jews, on the Friday night, when we are ordered hastily and early to bed, that the dining room may be scrubbed out ---or else we are crammed into a little parlour, and smothered, by the way of being cleanly. To accomplish this, the stairs being just scrubbed down, we are all commanded to go up bare-footed, though at the risk of an ague or a sore throat ---Early in the morning, the servants are rang up, and for the operations of the morning, dressed accordingly; and though smart enough on other occasions, yet to see them in their Saturday's garb, for the mop & broom encounter, you would swear they were sybiis, or Norwood fortune tellers.

To get at the breakfast room, I am under the necessity of wading over the shoes; and if I am not very accurate in my steerage, I am sure to tumble

over a pail or break my shins across the mop. The weather hath nothing to do with this aquatic operation; frost or snow, dry or wet, the house must be cleaned on that day, and while we are at breakfast, every door and window is opened to give a quick current to the air, that the rooms may be dried soon. By this means, unless clothed in fur, I am perished to death, and sure to take cold. Arguments avail nothing. Mistress and servants are combined in the watery plot, and swim or drown is the only despotic alternative.

Some times I have pleaded for a room that hath not been used in the week; but in vain; the word *wash* is general, and all must float from the garret to the cellar. I once or twice in my life ventured to take a peep at the cook and the kitchen, but to be sure no fury could look so fierce, her hair was dishevelled about her shoulders---her dressers covered with pots and pans, and her face besmeared with soot and brickdust. The animals, too, upon this day of execution, skulk into holes and corners---the dogs retreat with their tails between their legs to the stable, and poor domestic puss is obliged to ascend a beer barrel in the cellar, by way of a throne, where she purrs away her time, longing for the dove and the olive branch, as much as Noah did in the old surge beaten ark.

But these misfortunes are not all; my lady wife, and all the maids as if by intuition or agreement, or inspiration, or devilish witchcraft, are all in the dumps; they universally put on one face; and by the lip of Hebe I declare, for these last twelve years I have not seen a Saturday smile on their fair faces. I have often thought Mr. Addison took his hint of the first speech in his Cato, from the last day of the week at his house, for great wits are very apt to adopt sublime passages from ludicrous hints; and though some people may call it a parody, I am rather inclined to believe it an original thought.

The dawn is overcast—the morning lowers,  
And heavily in clouds brings on the day;  
The great, th' important, humid Saturday,  
Big with the fate of bucket and of broom.

I am often troubled with a bilious complaint, which is not very civil in the notice given; and consequently coming upon a person suddenly, it puts him to a precipitate retreat; upon which occasions there is no other relief but the temple of Cloa; whereto I as naturally fly in such a momentous case as a Portuguese does to a church for protection and relief. Here, ye river Gods, attend! Naiads of the stream, and Nereids of the wave—here possess your own hall!—for it is more fit for fishes than for men! One of your own mermaids hath been before me! and where I meant to place the dignity of my body, I with tears behold is wet—wet—wet. To fly is in vain. I must run the risk of the chin cough or an endless disgrace. Pity my distresses, for 'tis dangerous to pursue the theme further for fear of greater accidents. *Ad meo perpetuum deducite tempora carmen!*

This Saturday carries with it a general persecution. It is to that we are driven from room to room—floated from the cellar to the garret—washed out of the house of ease—and starved to death with thorough airs (than which there is nothing worse) but our stomach, our craving bellies pinch for it too. Nothing is to be fouled—all to be reserved for Sunday. The dinner must be made of small scraps; the pantry must be cleared though the offals are musty, and the bread is mouldy. If a friend quite regardless of his own felicity, attempts to swim like the adventurous Leander, through files and forests of implements of cleanliness, and gains the fireside, a thousand apologies are made for Saturday's dinner—with, "I know him; such a one knows what—& Saturday is Saturday every where." I feel confused for such excuses, but the laws of Media and Persia will sooner give way, than the adopted tyranny supported once a week in every mansion. I very often, to keep off theague,

draw a cork extraordinary, for there is positively nothing else for it; and if by misfortune a drop of wine sullies the bright Bath lackered table, my lady rises with the dignity of a pontiff, and with a rubber labours for twenty minutes against the spot; for our table, you must know, ever since we got Spenshamlond's receipt for cleaning mahogany, would serve the purpose of looking glasses, and this is the brightest jewel in our diadem. Now though my lady wife possesses the virtues of Diana, yet the plagues of Egypt never came to the natives once a week, to which we are bound to submit, in spite of every argument salutary and festive.

I know but one wedded fair, who is a happy contradiction to this weekly rule of conduct; which is Ballastora; who never is disturbed by the washing, who always hath the same table covered, and the same temper to grace it; who never considers cleanliness further than as conducive to decency & health; and then embraces such opportunities that the very cat of the family shall not be under the distress of wetting her feet. The morning early, is used to adjust these matters; the night late, or absent hours, which fall to the portion of every family. I would not wish the Scotch days of Cromwell to return among us, when houses in the city of Glasgow were only cleaned on family deaths or christenings, which filth Oliver in some respects removed, by a command to shovel out the dirt. But though cleanliness may be carried to a fault, yet I would rather have it with all its inconveniences than filth.

#### SENTIMENTAL.

Some valuable persons have been so disgusted with the factitious courtesy of the fashionable world, to which perhaps they themselves were once addicted, as to contract rude habits, which at length have been mistaken, by themselves at least if not by others, for the effect of religion; but true courtesy is the natural offspring of benevolence, & as little allied to a rude and disdainful, as to a deceptive spirit.

#### INDIAN NAMES.

Various treaties have lately been concluded at Washington with different tribes of Indians. Among other Indian signatures are the following:—Buffalo, Little Eyes, Negro Legs, Long Body, Big Man, Little Duck, Drunkard's Son, White Sky, Green Feather, Main Chance, Sturgeon Man, Jumping Sturgeon, Bad Axe, Young Eagle, Lion coming out of the Water, Black Sparrow, the Cloud that don't stop, Bad Weather, Sharp-faced Bear, the Thunder that Frightens, the Swan that Flies in the Rain, the Swan whose Wings Crack when he Flies, He who Shoots in the Pine Tops, The Man who Marches Quick, The Man with a Strong Voice, The Man who is Sick when he Walks, He that Walks with a Cane, The Fluttering Eagle, The Bad Hail, The Shifting Shadow, White Nails, Turning Iron, White Wolf, Rambling Thunder, The Dancer, The Big Tree, The Buffalo with one Horn, The Iron Cloud, The White Face, The Negro, The Thief, The Belly Ache, The Big Eared Dog, The Doctor.—To which might be added, Split Log, Walk in the Water, Silver Heels, Little Turkey, Cornplanter, Large Beautiful Lake, Big Smoke, Hot Bread, Big Fish, Big Kettle, Settler of Disputes, Tall Chief, Black Snake, Place of Many Fishes, White Eyes, &c. &c., as famous Indian Chiefs,

#### HISTORICAL EXTRACT.

"From the year 1528 to 1533, perpetual summer reigned in France; during four years not two days frost was experienced. Nature, exhausted by a continued heat, incessantly produced blossoms, but had not strength to bring the fruit to maturity: a scarcity of provisions was the consequence of this phenomenon: the harvest was scarcely sufficient to supply seed for the following year. Worms and insects of every kind multiplied *ad infinitum*, and destroyed the little fruit which the earth yielded. A most dreadful famine prevailed; and the consumption of unwholesome food gave rise to a disorder which carried off one-fourth of the inhabitants of France.

## Seat of the Muses.

### ON POETRY.

WHEN first Aurora's gorgeous car,  
 Springs from night's dreary vault released,  
 And beauty's consecrated star,  
 Retires behind the blushing east,  
 Can Titan's orient beams dispense  
 A more propitious influence  
 To animate the exulting earth,  
 Than sheds bright fancy o'er the mind,  
 When from care's grosser dregs refined,  
 It gives the fruits of genius birth.

Where Poesy erects her seat,  
 The myrtle's fragrant branches twine,  
 Beneath blythe pleasure's nimble feet,  
 Up starts the new born Columbine;  
 Methinks I see the jocund band,  
 Of nymphs and graces hand in hand,  
 Their artless symphony inspire;  
 The muses catch the dulcet sound,  
 They waft the sportive echoes round,  
 And wake the sympathetic lyre.

The rose's aromatic bloom  
 Adorns their wild fantastic grove,  
 And o'er the violet's perfume  
 Angelic forms delighted rove;  
 Fair Sappho in elysian bowers  
 Beguiles the gently stealing hours,  
 And soothes entranced despair to rest;  
 Her strains so feelingly express  
 The force of elegant distress,  
 Implanted in a female breast.

Yes: they who erst content to move  
 Through poesy's sequester'd sphere,  
 Or waked the cyprian lute of love,  
 Or bade mild pity's starting tear  
 Bedew the couch of misery, find  
 With strict morality combined  
 Sweet pleasure's mediating wiles:  
 There seeking oft the Tuscan bowers,  
 Where Horace pass'd his jocund hours,  
 E'en philosophic rigour smiles.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

It to the singular of *Ante*  
 You prefix the plural of *Pea*;  
 You'll then be as wise  
 As friend Charley and me.

J. L.

## THE MARINER'S DREAM.

BY MR. DIMOND.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,  
 His hammock swung loose at the sport of  
 the wind;  
 But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew  
 away,  
 And visions of happiness danc'd o'er his  
 mind

He dreamt of his home, his dear native  
 bow'rs,  
 And pleasures that waited on life's merry  
 morn—  
 While Mem'ry stood side-ways, half cover'd  
 with flowers,  
 And restor'd ev'ry rose but secreted its  
 thorn.

Then Fancy, her magical pinions spread  
 wide,  
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy  
 rise—  
 Now far, far behind him the green waters  
 glide,  
 And the cot of his forefathers blesses his  
 eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flow'r o'er the  
 thatch,  
 And the swallow sings sweet from her  
 nest in the wall;  
 All trembling with transport, he raises the  
 latch,  
 And the voices of *lov'd ones* reply to his  
 call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of de-  
 light,  
 His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's  
 warm tear,  
 And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite,  
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom  
 holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his  
 breast,  
 Joy quickens his pulse—all hardships  
 seem o'er,  
 And a murmur of happiness steals thro' his  
 rest—  
 "Oh God! thou hast blest me, I ask for no  
 more."

Ah! whence is that flame, which now bursts  
on his eye?

Ah! what is that sound which now  
startles his ear?

'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell  
on the sky!

'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan  
of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to  
the deck,

Amazement confronts him with images  
dire—

Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel  
a wreck—

The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds  
are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously  
swell—

In vain the lost wretch calls on Mary to  
save;

Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,  
And the Death Angel flaps his broad wing  
o'er the wave!

Oh! sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight,  
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work  
of bliss,

Where now is the picture that fancy touch'd  
bright,

Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's  
honied kiss?

Oh! sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again  
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes  
repay;

Unbless'd and unhonour'd down deep in the  
main,

Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall  
decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance  
for thee,

Or redeem form or fame from the merci-  
less surge:

But the white foam of waves shall thy  
winding sheet be,

And winds in the midnight of winter, thy  
dirge;

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall  
be laid,

Around thy white bones the red coral  
shall grow,

Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber  
be made,

And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle  
away,

And still the vast waters above thee shall  
roll,

Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—

Oh! sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy  
soul.

### THE FRENCH CONSCRIPT.

A basket-maker by trade, who had been  
made prisoner by the British army, dur-  
ing the late war, and was held a prisoner  
a long time in Scotland.

ONCE I beheld a captive, whom these wars  
Had made an inmate of the prison-house,  
Cheering with wicker-work (that almost  
seemed

To him a sort of play) his dreary hours.

I asked his story: in my native tongue,  
(Long use had made it easy as his own)

He answered thus:—"Before these wars  
began,

I dwelt upon the willowy banks of Loire:

I married one who, from my boyish days,  
Had been my playmate. One morn I'll ne'er  
forget!

While busy choosing out the pretty little  
twigs,

To warp a cradle for our child unborn,  
We heard the tidings, that the *Conscript-let*  
Had fallen on me; it came like a death-knell.  
The mother perished, but the babe survived;  
And, ere my parting day, his rocking couch  
I made complete, and saw him sleeping  
smile—

The smile that played upon the cheek of her  
Who lay clay-cold. Alas! the hours soon  
came

That forc'd my fettered arms to quit my  
child;

And whether now he lives to deck with  
flowers

The sod upon his mother's grave, or lies  
Beneath it by her side, I ne'er could learn:

I think he's gone; and now I only wish

For liberty and home, that I may see,

And stretch myself, and die upon the  
grave."

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ANSWERS TO THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST  
Your "*grateful first*," must sure be Peas,  
Which old and young devour with ease,  
Your *next*, the Ant which hoards with care,  
A pittance of the *Peasant's* fare.

CORNELIA.

ANOTHER—BY A YOUNG LADY AGED 13

TRUE happiness is seldom found  
In pleasure's gay and giddy round ;  
Nor from the pomp of regal show,  
Can calm and pure contentment flow ;  
High rank and birth can ne'er impart  
The quiet of a PEASANT's heart.

ELIZA CAROLINE.

ANOTHER ANSWER.

COME lovely Spring, resume thy gentle  
reign,  
Revive, renew our dreary world again,  
Cause hill and dale to sing ;  
Then I'd prefer the humble PEASANT's lot,  
With virtue and content within his cot,  
To that of a proud king.

AMICUS.

For the New York Weekly Museum.

CHARADE.

My *first* is often made, oft made in vain ;  
My *second* nothing is, but death below,  
My *whole*, tho' all pursue, but few obtain :  
May you beside it, nothing ever know.

CHARLES.

[A Solution is requested]

NEW-YORK,  
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1817.

## Intelligence.

By the following article from the Daily Gazette of this city, it appears that the custom in most Roman Catholic countries, of devoting the Sabbath to Amusement as well as devotion, is introduced into N. Orleans. "By permission of the Mayor of New-Orleans, there was, on Sunday the 12th of January, a grand masquerade, rope dancing, &c. in the Circus at that place !!!

A sanguinary quarrel took place at New-Orleans, on Christmas Day last, it is said between a number of sailors and Kentuckians—in which it appears several seamen were killed. The United States troops restored order.

The Thermometer, at Hartford on the 5th instant in the open air, was from 6 to 15 below Zero.—At Montreal about the same time, down to 19 below Zero ; and at Quebec about 5 degrees lower. In this city, last night, 4 degrees below Zero.

A laboring man (unknown) about 55 years of age was found dead last Monday in South-street, near the ferry.—The initials on his shirt were marked C. H. No. 3.

From an official report made at Albany on the 4th instant, on the subject of Auction Sales, it appears that the duties accruing to the state, for the last sixteen years, on sales made at auction in the city of New York, is 1,467,873 dollars 39 cents. The Auctioneers charges being about one fifth more than the state duties, make the earnings of the Auctioneers for this city for the same time 1,761,454 dollars 8 cents ; averaging a yearly income of 110,090 dollars 37 cents.—Gaz.

The amount of ardent spirits, of foreign and domestic manufacture, consumed annually, in the United States, is little short of thirty four millions of gallons. In 1810, when the last census was taken, the amount was ascertained to be 33,365,529.

At Baltimore, on the night of the 17th ult. about 10 or 11 o'clock, five men having staid in a tavern till they were much intoxicated, stumbled into the basin, where three of them were drowned. One of them had a wife and children.

Intemperance is the positive enemy of all solid enjoyment. It is honey in the mouth, but bitter as ashes in diges-

tion—is father of unnumbered vices.  
—What errors, what pains, what miseries does it not produce? and what are its benefits? they are known only to the apothecary, doctor and undertaker.

## SLEIGHING.

For more than a week, we have had fine cold weather, with much snow lying on the ground, which, we are informed is propitious to the Farmer—but, we entertain strong doubts as to its propitious effects on the young people, who pay so much money for the hire of a sleigh in these piercing wintry days and nights. Three, four or five dollars an hour for the use of one of these machines, is a great deal of money in these hard times, and would do an infinite deal of good in relieving and comforting the poor widow and the orphan, the sick and the distressed, who are pining in misery for the want of food and fuel.—In the pure spirit of friendship, permit us FAIR LADIES, to advise you to consult the preservation of your health and beauty, not to endanger them in these hazardous Frolics; and to warn you against Colds, and against Consumptions, which, of late years, have made such horrible havoc in the rising generation.—*Balt. paper.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Immolin*—An original Tale," by ELLA, is received, which we shall commence with next week;—As will also appear, the poetic effusions of a valuable co-respondent.

## NUPTIAL.

## MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Labach, John H. Huther, to Mrs. Nancy Beasley, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Milledolar, Collin Reed, esq. to Miss Phila Delaplaine.

By the rev. Mr. Feltus, Mr. Thomas H. Gregory, of Marblehead, Mass. to Mrs. Mary Allen, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Milnor, Mr. William Coffin, of Savannah, to Miss Charlotte, youngest daughter of Mr Jonathan Harned, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Thomas Robin, to Miss Nancy Frijas.

By the rev. Mr. Perrine, Mr. Samuel Martine, to Miss Caroline Martling.

At Poughkeepsie, on the 1st inst. by the rev. Mr. Cuyler, Daniel M. Frye, esq. of Montgomery O. county, to Miss Ann Butler, of the former place.

By the rev Mr. M'Leod, Mr. John M. Bloodgood, to Miss Mary Kevan, of this city.

In South Carolina, on the first January, Mr Stephen Lyon, to Miss Rebecca Lamb.

The happy time at length's arriv'd,

In Scripture days foretold.

When *Lamb* and *Lyon* both unite,

Embrace and keep one fold.

## OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 65 persons during the week ending on the 8th inst.

## DIED.

Mr. Thomas Jacobs, aged 55.

Mr. William Piers, aged 39.

Mrs. Jane Beckman, aged 83.

Mr. Michael Friel, aged 37.

Mr. John M'Queen, of the house of M'Queen & Bleakley, aged 31.

Mr. John Meeks, sen aged 78.

Mr. Thomas Forman, aged 90.

Mr. John Van Orden, jun.

Mrs. Mary Arden, aged 97.

Miss Margaret Ball, aged 20.

Lately at Perth-Amboy, in the morning of life, Miss Sarah W Taylor, daughter of the late Joseph Taylor, esq. She was of prepossessing manners, and endeared to those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. In the very spring-time of life she is taken to 'another and [we trust] a better world.'

Disease, 'like a worm in the bud,

Fed on her damask cheek,'

until death, the destroyer, triumphed over frail humanity, and thus prematurely summoned her to 'that bourne from whence no traveller returns.'

'Our dying friends are pioneers to soothe

'Our rugged path to death.—

*N. B. Times.*

## THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.

### ASIA,

In the chronicles of ancient times, is the quarter of the world distinguished as the prominent theatre of remarkable events. It was there the first man was created—It was there Noah's Ark rested after the flood, and re-peopled the world—It was there the most celebrated monarchies were formed—there the law was given to Moses--there Jesus Christ appeared; and finally, Asia was the scene of Mahomet's imposture, and still remains bound in those fetters, which that arch-hypocrite was ambitious to impose on an ignorant and benighted world.

### EUROPE,

Also has enjoyed her days of pre-eminence in the calender of time; yet not as peculiarly favored by heaven. Her political revolutions in the last half century have confounded the world. She seems at this moment to be reposing from her convulsions and no man can tell her future destiny. Perhaps to the bright days of her glory, Heaven ordains, shall now succeed such a night of despotism and political insignificance, as has reigned over Asia for a thousand years!

### AFRICA.

Poor Africa! has *she* enjoyed her day? What has she been--what can she ever be? Plunged in barbarism, ignorance, and the most frightful superstition, she has drank deep of the cup of sorrow, and groaned many long years in slavery. Has the philanthropist much to hope from the future?

### AMERICA.

But to America, the heart turns with joy.--There Liberty rested, when she had been driven from every other quarter of the globe---There she erected her altar, and proclaimed to the oppressed of all nations a safe asylum, peace, plenty, tolerance, political freedom, and fixed the forbidden Rubicon to the march of tyranny! May her Empire co-extend with time, and her blessing be diffused throughout the world.

## THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

### FOR A COUGH.

Two tea-spoons of powdered sugar; ten table-spoons of water, having boiled and stood till cold; two tea-spoons of spirits of hartshorn; a table-spoonful and a half of oil of sweet almonds; shake them well together; put the ingredients in exactly as put down, or they will not mix; take a table-spoonful three times a day.

### RATS.

For their destruction, cut a piece of sponge into small pieces; damp them a little in anniseed; then dip them in some melted dripping or fat; lay them in the places infested, and it will be found equal to the most expensive, troublesome, or dangerous preparation.

### TO PRESERVE APPLES.

Cover the bottom of a perfectly dry tight flour barrel, with a white sand, about one inch thick. Upon this place a layer of apples (having the stems at least three fourths of an inch long,) stems down; fill up with sand until the first layer is completely covered; and so proceed in this way to fill the barrel. Apples thus put up---in layers of sand ---will keep good, it is said, in all climates and seasons.

### CHILBLAINS.

A plaster of common turpentine applied to chilblains, or frosted heels, will, it is said, in a few days, effect a cure.

## THE MUSEUM

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